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GONE HOME.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE LATE REV. SAMUEL BAKER.  
"Thine I, thy soul, I give thee;  
Thine I, thy life, I give thee;  
Now free, he roves the world of light,  
Where sorrow ends—beyond all night."

No iron creed could ever bind  
The power of his searching mind,  
For truth, to him, did high appear,  
Above all else, the thing most dear.

His classic mind was richly fraught  
With treasures from the realm of thought,  
In which he delved until his brain  
Was by the effort, almost slain.

This life, to him, was vast and grand;  
He saw his race exalted stand—  
God's nobles, he sought to show,  
Could live sublime while here below.

When driven from his temple door,  
He'd break the Word upon the shore,  
To straying ones that felt their need  
Of Him, who for their souls did bleed.

And often, too, the evening air  
Did bear his fervent prayer,  
While kindly stars were watching  
Approving light upon his head.

He now has reached his final home,  
Far, far beyond the azure dome—  
Beyond all care—above all strife,  
That ever cling to mortal life.

Oh, sweetly may his ashes rest,  
And green the turf lay on his breast.  
While richest odors lend perfume  
To render fresh the sacred tomb.

Rockland, May 12, 1859. C. W. S.

The Garden in America.

The Hartford Times is publishing some very interesting letters to regard to Cuba, from a correspondent in that island. Inasmuch as our readers are deeply interested in all that relates to that fair land, which is destined, at no very distant day, to become one of the most magnificent States of the American Union, we publish a few extracts. "The scenery of the island is decidedly oriental, and reminds one of the many descriptions we have all read of the Eastern world. The style of building, and the trees and vegetables must bear a very strong resemblance to those of the Orient. The majestic royal palm, (sometimes with a trunk ninety feet high) and its tufted top; the graceful coconut tree; the heavy shade of the mango; the rich aroma of the vanilla bean throughout the woods, all give to the island an aspect which cannot fail to impress a stranger. Each object, natural and artificial, stand out in the clear light, and there is none of the haze so peculiar to our climate in certain seasons to intercept the view. I never was more struck by these facts than during a ride of some twelve leagues to this place. With a friend, we started after breakfast, on horseback, and were here for dinner, a ride of thirty or forty miles being considered of but little moment here. For about twenty miles we passed through a broad savannah covered with a different species of palm, occasionally crossing a little river, lined along its banks with tangled woods, where the air was heavy with the odor of a thousand flowers. After leaving the savannahs we strike through a range of heavy timbered hills and where an opening comes we catch a distant view of the ocean, with its blue waters glittering under a tropical sun.

Here we find a huge sugar estate, employing some three hundred and sixty hands and producing some four thousand boxes of sugar and from where I am sitting, one can see the ocean tress loaded with its delicious fruit, the tamarind tree covered with those little pods containing its agreeable acid, and the delicious orange waiting to be plucked and eaten.

It is an old Spanish proverb that 'fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night.' Undoubtedly there is figurative truth in this aphorism, but the fruit here tasted good at all hours, but more especially just after getting out of bed in the morning. The clear water (milk, as it is sometimes called) of the cocoanut is particularly refreshing at mid day, and some three or four tumblers full, often disappear, with considerable rapidity. Tamarind water, and a drink made from the fruit called sour sop are very generally used as a beverage here. Although wine is always placed before strangers, and the Catalan or red wine upon the table and used freely by all at the table, yet since I have been in Cuba I have seen only one man intoxicated, and he was not very drunk, but merry and somewhat excited at the cock fight I spoke of in a former letter. I believe this to be the case in all wine growing and wine consuming countries.—[Doubled. Editor of Banner.]

I have made some hasty visits to a tobacco, and also to a coffee plantation, of which I will try to give you some idea in a future letter.

While riding through the country I was struck by the great extent of uncultivated land, which is evidently susceptible of cultivation. In the hands of an industrious, thrifty and go ahead planter, Cuba would blossom like the rose; now it is a garden growing wild, cultivated here and there in patches, but capable at least of supporting in ease a population of ten times its present number.

"It is a goodly sight to see  
What heaven has done for this delicious land!  
What fruits of fragrant bloom on every tree,  
What goodly prospects of the hills expand!"

A boat sail along the coast, at this season of the year, is really delightful. If I ever gazed on enchanting scenery or revelled in the serenity of summer airs, and felt the influence of lovely moonlight on a placid sea, without a speck on the horizon, or a sound on the water but that of the ripple at our bows, it was as our little vessel glided softly and slowly through the sparkling waters of the Bay of Matanzas, close along the shores with the shadows of the blue mountains, and the white sand beach, clearly visible in the pellucid water as we approached the land. The towering peak of the Pan de Matanzas, and the waving trees of palm and cocoa on the hills around the city, give almost the idea of the fairy land we read of as children, and imagination easily carries us back to those happy days. No language can give an adequate idea, or convey a thought of the splendid reflections of the moon's beams in every diversity of light and shade on mountain scenery, or of the flood of pure ethereal lustre which it pours over the fine features of this marvellous country. But I am getting too poetical for matter of fact descriptions which I have heretofore undertaken. On landing, we galloped a few miles into the interior to see a friend, and here we find the night air almost oppressive with the rich odor of the night-blooming jessamine, the orange blossom, and the many flowers which line the road we pass. A few rods of the hedges along these roads would furnish shrubs and flowers to fill

a northern hot house, whose sickly inmates would shrink from a comparison with the gay prodigals of field and fence which layish their sweetness here on the public road.—Columbus felt and appreciated all these beauties, when he wrote to King Ferdinand, saying, 'I had almost come to the resolution of staying here the remainder of my days; for believe me, Sir, these lands far surpass all the rest of the world in pleasure and convenience.'—The ashes of the great discoverer now repose in the Cathedral at Havana, in the island where he expressed his desire of remaining.

They made a Night of it.

A TRIAL BY JURY.—Many years ago, when S. S. Prentiss was engaged in a large practice in Mississippi, and he and his friend, Judge G.—, were on the circuit in some of the eastern counties of the state, and stopped for the night at a village tavern. Late at night, Prentiss discovered that himself and Judge G.— were not the only claimants for possession of the bed, as he was vigorously beset by a description of vermin that were decidedly uncomfortable bedfellows. Accordingly he awoke Judge G.—, and a consultation was had whether they should beat a retreat or make an effort to exterminate their assailants. The latter course was, however adopted; and for the purpose they took from their saddle bags a brace of pistols, with caps, powder and other munitions of warfare. With pistols in hand, they proceeded to raise the bed-clothing; and as one of the creeping reptiles would start from his hiding place, bang—bang—would go the pistols. This, of course, aroused the worthy landlord, who came in hot haste to the room, and when he learned the facts was in great rage. Prentiss demanded that he should leave the room, claiming that he was only exercising the right of self-defence—a right which the law of man had given him. Both the entreaty and the threats of the landlord proved unavailing. The firing continued until bed, bedstead and bedding were riddled with balls. At last they succeeded in capturing one of the enemy, when a difference of opinion arose between Prentiss and Judge G.— as to what should be his fate. At length it was agreed that he should be 'fairly and impartially tried by a jury of his country.' Three of the landlord's sons were brought in and forced to sit as members of the jury, and a third lawyer who was present acted as judge. The prisoner was then pinned to the wall. Judge G.— (who was a very able lawyer) opened for the prosecution in a speech of two hours in length. Prentiss followed for the defense in a speech of four hours. There were those present who had known Prentiss intimately, and had heard him on great occasions of his life, and who now assert that this was perhaps the most brilliant speech he ever delivered.

PADDY'S PIG. As a shadow to all these sunny southern lights, I must here mention that I did meet with a few extraordinary men men in Sidney. There was one, a merchant prince, who made it a boast that he had never given away a shilling in his life. So far as I know, he only parted with his extreme selfishness on one occasion, and the circumstances are worth relating. One morning a poor Irishman stepped into his counting house, and, looking the very picture of misery, said, 'Oh! may it please yer honor, I've lost a pig—the only pig I had—and mistress—, the governor has given me a pound, and sent me to you for another. She says you have enough gold to build a sty wid, and will be sure to give me a little.' At first old hard fast refused; upon which Paddy threw himself on a stool, and raised such a piteous wail that the merchant, thinking he was mad about the death of his pig, gave him the pound to get quit of him. Next day the proprietor of the drug and funet par was passing the warehouse, and seeing his benefactor at the door, pulled his hat to him. 'Well, did you get drunk with that pound, or buy another pig?' asked the rich man gruffly. 'Bought a pig, yer honor—a darling little thing, wid a sweet taint in his tail, like a lady's curl.' 'Well it's to be hoped you'll take better care of him than you did of the other. What did he die of?' 'Died of? Did you say die of now? Why get out wid you, he was as fat as I killed him!' [Southern Lights and Shadows, or Life in Australia. By Frank Fowler.]

WHY DON'T YOU LEARN A TRADE? This question was propounded, in our hearing, a few days ago to a young man who had been for several months unsuccessfully seeking employment as a clerk or salesman in some of our leading houses. Complaining of his ill luck, one of his friends who knew that he had a mechanical talent, but doubted whether he could make himself useful either as clerk or salesman, put the interrogatory to which we have placed as the caption of this article. The reply was, that a trade was not so respectable as a mercantile occupation. Under this delusive idea, our stores are crowded with young men who have no capacity for business, and who because of the fancied respectability of doing nothing, waste away their minority upon salaries which cannot possibly liquidate their expenditures. Late, too late in life, they discover their error, and before they reach the age of thirty many of them look with envy upon the boyhood, they were accustomed to deride. The false views of respectability which prevail in the present so distant fashionable society of the present day have ruined thousands of young men, and will ruin thousands more.—[Ex Paper.]

HOW TO PUNISH A WOMAN-WHIPPER.—My attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who waited on the table during dinner; his dress was more that of a country gentleman than a servant, and his countenance peculiarly sad and subdued. I found my eyes continually wandering toward this individual, whose manner disgusted me, for he moved about wearily, and as if his task was a weary one.

After dinner the superintendent asked me if I had observed the waiter.

'Yes. Who is he? What is he?'

'The richest man in Eastern Paraguay. He has a very large, well stocked estancia.' 'And yet he is here a servant?'

'Yes; he was guilty of the ungentle act of whipping a woman, and the President has degraded him to be a servant at the Iron Works. He will at last liberate himself only by paying a large sum, or its equivalent in cattle.

So much for the rights of women, and the summary administration of the law in Paraguay.—Page's La Plata and Paraguay.

For the Gazette.

LINTS,  
Suggested by the sudden death of the REV. DAVID PERCY.  
O mocking bird! Why hast thou sped  
Thine arrow with such sure,  
And dashed the heart's quick-bounding throbs  
Of one so meekly pure?

Thy victim was no combatant—  
No barren field did he invade—  
But in Christ's fold a living branch  
That yielded thousand-fold!

Why takest thou this toiler from a work  
That angels might employ?  
Why takest the pure that earth so needs  
And spare the base alloy?

'Tis one of thy and triumph, Death,  
In unexpected hour  
To steal away the cherished one—  
To blight the fairest flower!

To mingle smiles of welcoming  
With tears of parting sorrow—  
To crush with sudden blow the hopes  
That promise joys serene!

Thus hast thou toiler from a work  
That angels might employ—  
To leave the orphan—  
To leave the widow—  
To leave the orphan—  
To leave the widow—

Yet thine's not all the triumph, Death!  
He hath the victory won—  
For leaving on the Christian's staff  
He said, 'Thy will be done.'

'What thou'lt plan be incomplete—  
My work unfinished lie,  
God hath the workmen at his call  
He can replace supply.'

Yes, O stern Death! a widowed heart  
Sends forth a sad refrain—  
An orphan weeps; a scattered flock  
Doth mourn a shepherd slain!

And now with tear-dimmed eyes they stare  
June flowers o'er his tomb—  
And feel 'tis well to be prepared  
To meet the eternal doom!

May 31, 1859. A. W. L.

Sago.

Sago, as an article of food is not unknown to people generally, but it is not very extensively used. It is a light and wholesome article, and much esteemed by those who use it. Its cooking requires nearly double the quantity of water than any other similar article does—showing that its nutritious qualities are highly concentrated. It is used mostly for puddings, as per receipt:—

Put two ounces sago in a quart of milk, and place it on a stove, until it boils; then add three eggs and sugar, with extracts of spice, raisins, etc., according to taste.

Sago is a species of meal, prepared from the pits of a tree of palm—growing in portions of the East Indies, where it forms a considerable part of the food of the inhabitants. From these islands it is shipped to Singapore, where it is granulated and bleached by the Chinese; and from that settlement it is exported to India, Europe, and America. We learn from a memorandum of a Boston firm that the imports into this country last year (or the greater part of it, viz., Jan. 23d to Dec. 7th), were 5,003 packages (a picul is 133 lbs.), of which 3,292 were brought to Boston, and 1,712 to New York. The article is not mentioned in the Treasury Reports on foreign commerce, and hence we are unable to give more extended statistics of the trade. As a matter of some interest, however, we have compiled from some works on the East Indies the annexed description of the growth of the tree, and the preparation of the meal.

The tree, when at maturity, is about 30 feet high, and from 18 to 22 inches in diameter. Before the formation of the fruit, the stem consists of an external wall about two inches thick, the whole interior being filled up with a sort of spongy medullary matter. When the tree attains to maturity, and the fruit is formed, the stem is quite hollow. Being cut down at a proper period, the medullary part is extracted from the trunk, and reduced to a powder. In this state, the islanders make it into cakes, which are baked for eating. For exportation, the finest sago meal is mixed with water, and the paste rolled into small grains. This is the kind that for a long period was principally imported into England, etc., for which market the most desirable quality was that of a reddish hue, and readily dissolving in hot water into a fine jelly. A few years since a process was invented (by the Chinese, it is said) for refining sago, so as to give it a fine pearly lustre; and the sago so cured is held in the highest estimation in all the markets.

Puddings of sago are among the most palatable articles of food prepared for the table, and the many qualities which it possesses, we should think, would make it more extensively used than it now is.

Women's Rights.

Mrs. Swishelm, who recently edited a paper at Pittsburgh, and who recently attended the Woman's convention in Ohio, makes the following sensible remark on woman's right to engage in any occupation for which she has a capacity. It is sheer nonsense. There is no law to prevent women following almost any business, and why do they not take their right to work at anything they please? Mrs. Coe urged that women have right to be captains of ships. Well, why are they not captains? There is no law to prevent it. If we believed it right, and thought we had the capacity, we would soon command a vessel, and no doubt the world would acknowledge our right. It would have taken a deal of talk to convince the world that Joan of Arc and Jeggello had a right to be soldiers, but without any arguing on the subject, they proved their title to a niche in the warrior's temple of fame. 'A man of words and not of deeds' is like a garden full of weeds, and a woman of that kind is very much like him. There is no use of claiming rights for those who do not want to use them, and those who do should just take them.'

KNOW-NOTHINGISM.—The editor of a Georgia paper overheard the following conversation on the reopening of the slave trade:—

'Clem, I tell you, if dey gvine to 'deavours to fetch dem 'ported niggers down dis way, I hear dey be, dar'll be a fuss in dis family, sure. 'Spect dey want us to 'sociate wid dem niggers on quality. Neber do it, sure.'

'Sam, does you raly think dy'll foteh dem niggers here?'

'For sartins, Clem, I heard massa say dere was five thousand 'ported sows in Carolina, and half of em now ready in dis State. I tell you, Clem, if one of dem forin, untailed niggers calculate to 'sociate wid dis chile, he is a doing de wrong patch. Some-thin' will him him like a mule kicked him for sarten, and it won't be dat animal's odor!'

Fasting for Ships' Timbers, &c.

Recent repairs upon ships, between six and ten years old, have clearly demonstrated that iron fastening for floor timbers, has been so corroded by the action of the water as to endanger the safety of the ships so fastened. The high price of copper made fastening with it so expensive, that iron and yellow metal were substituted, and the results are now in process of development. In the Navy copper is still used, and probably always will be, for it has been proved not liable to decay in consequence of the action of saltwater. In the merchant marine, however, copper for fastening has almost disappeared, because the majority of shipowners believe that yellow metal is as good, and less expensive.—The following communication from a gentleman of large experience, contains some facts in relation to the yellow metal fastening, that are of vital importance to shipowners:—

To the Editor of the Commercial Bulletin:—

Dear Sir:—I notice lately some remarks in your paper on the fastenings of ships' keels, bigges, that in consequence of the high price of copper, iron and yellow metal (iron mostly) had been substituted for that purpose; that iron so soon corroded that it becomes necessary, for safety, to remove it within a few years, &c. The object of the present communication is to say, that yellow metal has been used to a very considerable extent for several years past, and that very recently on several occasions it has been found that yellow metal keel bolts, in the space of four and eight years, have become worthless. The character of the metal appears entirely changed. It becomes very brittle, easily breaks, of a dark deep red color, and rotten. Whether all yellow metal bolts have become so I am unable to say; but the fact that some of them have proved thus makes them unreliable, and the use of them should undoubtedly be discontinued for ships' fastenings. The materials of which all vessels are composed, are subject to decay with in periods of from four to eight years—it is therefore, of great importance that at such times, according to the materials used, there should be a thorough survey made, and all parts requiring it renewed or refastened. As no one has any authority to direct such surveys but the owners of vessels, it must be done by them if at all. In fact, shipowners alone are the only persons interested in a pecuniary way in the matter. Losses, arising from the bad condition of their ships, fall on the owners alone, although apparently it would seem they are paid by the insurer. There never was a greater mistake, for of necessity, the premiums for insurance must be kept high enough to cover all losses. Extra premiums from the owners' pockets for these losses, many of which, it is certain, would be avoided by taking a stitch in time.—Commercial Bulletin.

ORCHARDS.—Drainage is an indispensable necessity to thrive with young orchards. If nature does the work—well; if not, she must be helped. In setting out trees, do not dig too small holes, and putting a little hot manure in the bottom and the tree upon it. Men who have been in the habit of setting trees with no manure except a few sows thrown in to the bottom of the pit, think they do admirably well for their young trees if they give them a heap of horse or cow-yard manure to luxuriate in. It is a great mistake. All varieties of fruit trees need soil rather than manure, yet a good compost is essential as a sort of home bank of deposit to be drawn upon for whatever the soil may lack. We prefer to dig holes at least four feet wide; put a compost of mud, leaf mold, yard scrapings, bone dust, ashes, leather scraps, &c., which has no heat to it; add to such a compost about half a peck of slacked lime, and throw a layer of earth upon it. Spread the roots so as to lead out in every direction and fill in three or four inches of fine soil, not yellow dirt, and tread it down on the roots; then fill up. The roots should spread naturally from the crown, which should be, an apple tree, two inches below the general level of the ground in a slight depression; if a dwarf pear, set the junction of the stock and graft two inches below the ground.—When set, throw around the trees a mulch of coarse grass, straw, tan-bark, or something of the kind.—Connecticut Homestead.

Blue Sky Somewhere.

Children are elegant teachers. Many a lesson which has done our heart good, we have learned from their lisping lips. It was but the other day, another took root in our memory. We were going to a picnic, and, of course, the little one had been in the car for several days. But the appointed morning broke with no good sunshine, no songs of birds, no peals of mirth. There was every prospect of rain—even Hope hid her face and wept.

'Shan't we go, mother?' exclaimed a child of five, with passionate emphasis.

'If it clears off.'

'But when will it clear off?'

'Oh, look out for the blue sky.'

And so he did, poor little fellow; but never a bit of blue sky gladdened his eyes. 'Well, I don't care, mother,' said he, when the tedious day had at length numbered all its hours. 'I haven't seen it I know there is blue sky somewhere.'

The next morning there was a blue sky a whole heaven full of it—clear, glorious blue sky, such as only greets us after a weary storm.

'There, mother, didn't I tell you so? cried a joyous voice; there is some blue sky! Then the little head dropped for a moment in silent thought.

'Mother,' exclaimed the child, when he again looked up, 'there must have been blue sky all day yesterday, though I never saw a bit of it; cos, you see, there ain't no place where it could have gone to. God only covered it up with clouds didn't he?'

equally excellent, as Wilson's Albany seedling, and Longworth's prolific. For the growth of strawberries the soil should be light and well manured. A mulching with grass, straw, or hay, after forming a bed, has a striking effect on keeping your plants in a healthy, growing condition. After the fruit is set, until it begins to color, the strawberry bed should be liberally watered every day—the oftener and more, the better.

Remember the Little Ones.

'Mother, I wish Mr. C.— would preach here all the time. I don't like to have Mr. P.— come.'

'Not like Mr. P.—, my son? I thought every body liked him; he is an excellent man. Why do you dislike him?'

'Why, mother, when he preached here last, he stayed here all the time from Saturday to Monday, and I was just as still as I could be, and he did not speak to me, or look at me once; but Mr. C.— always puts his hand on my head when he comes, and he says, "How does Charlie do to-day? just as though he loved me."

I have a choice rose-bush in my garden, presented by a dear friend. This year it had but few buds, and my little ones could only have one rose each.

'I will save mine,' said little Carrie, and carry to my teacher. Do you think she ever saw such a beautiful tea-rose?'

Day after day she watched her little bud, till it was half-opened, and then it was plucked in the morning early, all fresh and dewy, and placed in water ready for school time.

When she returned from school, a cloud rested upon her usually sunny face, and, upon inquiring the cause, she cried as though her heart would break.

'You know my beautiful little rose.—Well, I suppose the teacher didn't want it. She had a whole vase full of flowers, but none of them were half as sweet as that, and when I carried it to her, she just laid it upon her desk, and didn't look at it once, and said, "Take your seat, Carrie!"

How easy to have said, "Thank you, Carrie," and smiled upon the child, and filled her little heart with grateful love, instead of grief.

Remember the little ones.

WISKS.—Hiram Cox, M. D., of Cincinnati, has made the following startling statement:—

'During the summer of 1856 I analyzed a lot of liquors for some conscientious gentlemen of our own city, who would not permit me to take samples to my office, but insisted on my bringing the chemicals and apparatus to their store, that they might see the operations. I accordingly repaired to their store and analyzed samples of sixteen different lots. Among them were port wine, sherry wine and Madeira wine. The distilled liquors were some pure and some vile and pernicious imitations; but the wines had not one drop of the juice of the grape. The basis of the port wine was diluted sulphuric acid, colored with elder berry juice, with alum, sugar and neutral spirits. The basis of the sherry wine was a sort of pale malt, sulphuric acid, from the bitter almond oil, with a percentage of alcoholic spirits from brandy. The basis of the Madeira was a decoction of hops, with sulphuric acid, honey, spirits from Jamaica rum, &c. The same week, after analyzing the above and exhibiting the quality and character of the liquors to the proprietors, a sexton of one of our churches informed me that he had purchased a gallon of the above port wine to be used in his church on the next Sabbath for sacramental purposes, and then for this mixture of sulphuric acid, alum and elder berry juco, he paid \$2.75 a gallon.'

There is a married man in Galena, Ill., who insists that every night, about 10 o'clock, a ghost in woman's garb appears in his chamber, looks at him with a stare that appalls him, till he turns in terror to his wife, who it seems, cannot see the apparition. He bolts the door and fastens his windows, but all is of no use, the intruder comes. One of his old sweethearts no doubt.

A bereaved yet acute philosopher gives the following illustration of a human peculiarity:—

'When I lost my wife, every family in the town offered me a pension; but when I lost my horse, no one offered to make it good.'

WOULD YOU BECOME BEAUTIFUL?—The beauty of hues and of features, which you had by a happy accident of your birth, like a reflection of your mother, is the chance favor of the age through which we are all passing. But the rare and personal beauty which you have acquired is yourself, your soul made visible, that which you have become by a pure life, a noble and constant harmony. It is the illumination of love, like the soft and faithful light in true parent alabaster, which watches with us in the night.

When, then, will man know that he is his own self-sculptor? It is in his own power to make himself beautiful. Scarcely a man is born a veritable scamp. But as his own power, by the delicate and sculpture-like chiseling of reason, of virtue, and of devotion, so well re-made his face, that at last a god is seen in it, in whose radiance the Prædco is steeped.

I have there by the use of intoxicating of my most illustrious friends, the first linguist of the age. When young, he had the grotesque ugliness of a little Norman peasant; but his strong will, his immense, ingenious, penetrating labors, visibly marked his face with signs of exquisite delicacy. An oriental fineness played round his lips with his sharp points of the criticism of the west, while the genius of India broadened in the luminous beauty of his giant forehead, capacious of a world.—[Michélet's 'L'Amour']

CAMELS ON ALABAMA PLANTATION.—The Selma (Ala.) Sentinel of May 20 says:—

'The Camels purchased by Mr. Woolley from Capt. Machado last week seem to answer many useful purposes. The other day, one of the animals, with rider, brought twelve bushels of shelled corn to town to mill. So one camel, in milking alone, did the work of two mules, and a wagon and two mules, and will travel over the ground four times as quick as two mules. We understand that they have been tried in the plow, and answer the purpose admirably, being docile and easily managed.'

A few weeks ago a baby was taken to church to be baptised, and his little brother was present during the sacrament. On the following Sunday, when the baby was undergoing ablutions and dressing, the little brother asked mamma if she was intending to carry little Willy to be christened.

'Why, no,' said his mother; 'don't you know my son, people are not baptised twice.'

'What!' returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment in his earnest face, 'if not it don't take the first time?'

We opine that if little Charlie's rule were in force there would be a great many re-baptisms.

The ground of almost all our false reasoning is that we seldom look any farther than on one side of the question.

THE LOST MAN FOUND.—STRANGE AND AFFECTIONING TALE.—A few days since our readers will remember, we noted the sudden and mysterious disappearance in a temporary derangement of mind, of Mr. William A. Hall, a well known citizen of Mobile. All will be gratified to learn that the lost man has been found, and after one of the strangest episodes of human life, is now alive and apparently restored to reason, among his friends at home. The Mercury thus relates the facts, strangely true to fact:—

About 6 o'clock Sunday morning, Mr. Hall came to a house in the neighborhood of the dry dock, occupied by persons who were acquainted with him. He was in a dazed, and could with difficulty drag himself along. His clothes were soiled with mud and torn by bush and brambles. His boots were also burst, and his hat—a new one when he went away—battered and bruised. His face and hands were sore and swollen from exposure and the bite of mosquitoes. The people of the house took him in and cared for him kindly. Some stimulants were administered and some food, and a comfortable bed placed at his disposal, and word sent to his friends.

Mr. Hall has been absent eleven days, during which time he has probably tasted food. He has probably been the time in the swamp south of the city, somewhere between the dry dock and the light-house.

Yesterday morning he was quite rational, and could give but this account of himself:—

He had been sick, and came into town on the 3d inst. to transact some business. That night he slept in his office, and got up next morning feeling badly, but went out to attend to the business he was on hand. The last he remembers he was on the corner near Cox, Brainerd & Co.'s office, when he was attacked with dizziness and blindness. Then it seemed something after him to hurt him, and he ran down Front Street, towards Matthew's Press, since which he remembers nothing until he seemed to wake up, as from a sleep, yesterday morning about sunrise. When he came to consciousness, he found himself in the arms of a stranger, who, having no knowledge of where he was, in trying to find his way out, he came into the track that runs through the swamp from the dry dock to the bay shore below the light-house, and so came out to the house where he was detained.

He had no recollection of the length of his journey, but he had been there some time. He asked the day of the month, and upon being told, was first made aware of it. The advertisement his friends had put in the papers was shown to him, which he read with deep emotion and tears of remorse.

It is a wonderful providence that Mr. Hall has survived throughout these gloomy eleven days in a deep, damp, dismal swamp, where he has undoubtedly all the time been, without food or shelter. It will be remembered that there have been rain and storm while he was thus exposed.—Savannah News.

HEAR THIS.—The late Mr. Hovey, a wealthy Boston trader, who left from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars each to several minor sons, and a large sum to his daughter, died recently, leaving a large number of children at their own expense but invariably at about the age of ten years the mistress took away each child and sold it off or appropriated it to her own use.

At her story she said she said—'Little Ben' was like all young children, a favorite—the baby—the comfort of the old man and woman. In September last of our new police appeared the small child, and the mother, in search of 'little Ben,' for the lost child must be taken to minister to the voracious appetite of the monster, Slavery. Benjamin was missing, however. The father never had him in his power or control, and he was taken, the law was suddenly arrested for 'harboring a slave. The law dated 1707, under which he was taken, and the literal penalty is 'one hundred pounds of tobacco per hour' for each hour of harboring a slave. You will perceive that the father was simply guilty of not making the runaway boy. The officer told Mason to hunt up his boy, and upon neglecting to do this he was put into jail. Although no evidence was offered against him, yet the justice would not let Mason out on bail, and he was kept in jail, furnished by a kind hearted citizen of the place. A jury very quickly brought in a verdict of guilty, though with no more evidence of guilt than is to be found in this letter. Mason was remanded to jail for three days. He was taken to bed, and all the time with scanty clothing. He lay in jail forty-nine days before Judge Crawford would deign to sentence him.

He was to pay a fine of \$166 66; being 1/6¢ for every hour the slave was harbored—once half of said amount to the State, and the other half of the slave, and the other half to the United States. I quote from the Judge's sentence as reported in the National Intelligencer. Mason was sentenced to pay all costs, and to











# NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.

E. R. SPEAR,  
AT THE OLD STAND,

KEEPS all the Newspapers and Periodicals and sells them at the same rates as the Publishers' thereby saving the price by buying here.

**BOSTON DAILY PAPERS**  
Received every morning and for sale at Boston prices.

**WEEKLY PAPERS**  
received Wednesday morning by boat.

The best Saloon in the State.

**J. L. GIOFRAY**  
NO. 5 CUSTOM-HOUSE BLOCK.

HAS the honor to announce to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Rockland and vicinity that he has a large and complete assortment of

**Hair Work,**  
Such as Gentlemen and Ladies'

**WIGS,**  
HALF-WIGS,  
FRIZZETS,  
HAIR BANDS &c.

Every article is made to order by the best workmen in Boston and is warranted to fit or no pay.

A good assortment of **False Beards, Moustaches, &c.** for young men and juveniles.

**SHAVING DEPARTMENT.**  
Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing, Coloring, Curling, and Frizzing done at a little better than any other establishment in the State, this is what the people say.

**PERFUMERY**  
of all descriptions at the establishment.

**Samaritan Salve,**  
which is for sale at his establishment and by Druggists generally. Every mother should not fail to have it in the house in case of smallpox, scarlet fever, &c.

Rockland, October 23, 1859. 414

At Wentworth's & Co.

Where did you get that good Hair?

**ROCKLAND HAT, CAP, BOOT & SHOE EMPORIUM.**

**WENTWORTH.**  
ALWAYS up with the times, and always ready to meet all wants in his line—would say to one and all—that he has just returned from

**NEW YORK AND BOSTON,**  
with the most complete stock of HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES ever in this city, to which he would call the attention of every one before purchasing elsewhere.

Having all the LATEST STYLES Hats and Caps, and ALL KINDS and ALL SIZES OF Boots and Shoes every one can rely upon being suited with the best trouble.

A CALL at No. 2 Spofford Block, will convince you of this.

Rockland, April 29, 1859. 151

**Harford Fire Insurance Company**  
HARTFORD, CONN.

Incorporated A. D. 1810. Charter Perpetual.  
Authorized Capital—\$1,000,000  
Capital paid in—\$300,000  
Surplus—\$300,000

Assets JANUARY 1, 1859:

Cash on hand and in bank, \$45,455.22  
Cash in hand of Agents and in transit, 54,577.69  
Real Estate owned, 10,000.00  
Bills Receivable, 17,174.55  
24th Street Bank Stock in Hartford, 230,000.00  
10th Street Bank of New York, 17,620.00  
State and City Bonds, 6 per cent, 17,245.00  
Railroad Stocks, 18,000.00  
United States Treasury Notes, \$88,769.85

**DIRECTORS.**  
H. J. HUNTINGTON, President.  
ALBERT H. BARNETT, Secretary.  
TIMO. C. ALLYN, Secretary.

This old and reliable Company, established for nearly Fifty Years, continues to insure against Loss or Damage by Fire in Dwellings, Warehouses, Stores, Merchandise, Mills, Manufactories, and most other kinds of property, on its usual satisfactory terms.

Particular attention given to insuring Fire, Property, consisting of Dwellings, Barns and Out-buildings, connected, and Furniture, Live Stock, Hay, Grain, Farming Implements, &c., &c., continued in the same, for a term of three or five years at low rates of premium.

Applications for Insurance and for the underwriting, the daily authorized Agent for Rockland and vicinity.

See Sign "Potash and Soda" at the corner of Main and School Streets, THOMASTON.

Having just received a large lot of the above, at such reduced prices, that I intend to give those in want of the above named goods, the advantage of it.

JOHN P. BRACE,  
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# Stoves and Stove Pipe,

JAPAN,  
TIN and  
PORCELAIN  
WARE.

**JOB WORK** done with dispatch.  
J. C. LIBBY & SON, 151

Rockland, April 5, 1859.

**Hard Ware.**  
PICK AXES and HANDLES.

BROAD and NARROW AXES and handles.  
ADDZES VARIOUS KINDS.  
SHINGLING and BROAD HATCHETS.

LONG AND SHORT HANDLED SPADES.  
TUTTLE HOE, BEST IN USE.

STEEL and EXTRA STEEL SHOVELS.  
GARDEN RAKES and HOOKS.

HAY and MANURE FORKS.  
OX BOWS.

AUGERS, SHIP and BLUED NUT.  
BITS, AUGER and SPOON.

PLANES ALL KINDS.  
TABLE and POCKET CUTLERY.

PUMP CHAIN and TUBING.  
J. C. LIBBY & SON, 151

Rockland, April 5, 1859.

**BUILDING MATERIALS.**  
NAILED SIZES.

DOOR LOCKS, OCTAGONAL and PLANE GLASS.

DOOR KNOBS, MINERAL and PORCE.  
DRAW KNOBS, MINERAL and PORCE.

LAIRN, ZINC, BRASS AND HINGES.  
HANDFASTS AND HINGES.

TARRED PAPER, WINDOW GLASS, 151

Rockland, April 5, 1859.

**Kitchen Furniture.**  
PAULS, TUBS, CHURNS, BROOMS, TRAYS.

WASH BASINS (ZINC AND WOOD), METAL.  
IRON HANGING, FLOUR SIEVES.

GRINDSTONES, BRICKS, CEMENT, &c.  
J. C. LIBBY & SON, 151

Rockland, April 5, 1859.

**PLOWS.**  
JUST received from the Celebrated NOURSE,

MASON & Co., of New York, a new and improved

**Plow all sizes,**  
CULTIVATORS, HORSE HOE,

A new article, it almost does away with the use of the hand Hoe.

J. C. LIBBY & SON, 151

Rockland, April 5, 1859.

**PAPER HANGINGS.**  
E. R. SPEAR,

Is selling Paper Hangings at very Low Prices.

Rockland, April 29, 1859. 151

**DOORS, SASH & BLINDS.**

If you want to see the largest, cheapest and best lot ever before offered for sale in the County of Lincoln, just call on

**PERKINS'**  
Door, Sash and Blind Repository,

CORNER OF MAIN AND SCHOOL STREETS, THOMASTON.

Having just received a large lot of the above, at such reduced prices, that I intend to give those in want of the above named goods, the advantage of it.

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# EASTERN ROUTE.

Machiasport, Millbridge, Rockland.

THE FAVORITE STEAMER  
**ROCKLAND,**  
CAP. JAMES WALLACE.

Will leave ROCKLAND for MACHIASPORT every Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, for MACHIASPORT, and the steamer Daniel Webster from MACHIASPORT, at 10 o'clock, for ROCKLAND, touching at 11 o'clock, for MILLBRIDGE, touching at 12 o'clock, for MACHIASPORT, and the steamer Daniel Webster from MACHIASPORT, at 10 o'clock, for ROCKLAND, touching at 11 o'clock, for MILLBRIDGE, touching at 12 o'clock, for MACHIASPORT.

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